

EXTRA

CANNING.

Albert Running Well Ahead of the Record.

He Probably Will Top Fitzgerald's Big Score.

Littlewood's Fast Time Eclipsed by the Quaker This Morning.

Mrs. Albert Cries for Joy at Her Husband's Good Work.

The Cheerful Buffalo Postman Still Holding Second Place, with Herty and Guerrero Chasing Him—Horace Weston Takes His Banjo to the Track and Jogs Around to Encourage Herty—Albert Takes the Instrument and Sets His Fast Pace to Music—Plucky Little Herty Hobbling Along at the Rate of Two Miles an Hour—He Is Going to Lecture on Pedestrianism—Sullivan, the Ghost, Hires Himself as an Advertisement for \$10.

THE SCORE AT 4 P. M.

Record (Littlewood).....412 miles 5 laps.

MILES.	LAPS.
Albert.....	415 2
Pancho.....	405 0
Herty.....	394 2
Guerrero.....	386 0
Hart.....	384 2
Golden.....	384 1
Moore.....	380 1
Strokel.....	383 0
Noremanc.....	382 0
Dillon.....	315 0
Vint.....	276 1
Sullivan.....	259 4
Taylor.....	253 5
Collins.....	223 1
Tilly.....	222 0
Stout.....	162 0

The gray dawn light of the seven-thirty pedestrians in the Madison Square go-as-you-please this morning. The early visitor found Jimmy Albert, the favorite for three days, still leading the weary procession about the saddest ellipse.

A close observer would have said that the handsome fellow was in as good feather as at any time since the start. His good wife reported cheerfully that he was in excellent trim. He had not been off the track since midnight, when his score stood at 348 miles. Pancho at that hour had covered 342 miles; Herty, 332; Guerrero, 330, and Golden 300, while Hark was asleep. Thus Albert was only five miles behind Charlie Rowell's record in the race which he won in 1882, and was ahead of Fitzgerald for the same time in his great race of 1884.

Singler and Cox were out of the race officially soon after midnight. Taylor, the picaresque, the "Arab" from West Twenty-seventh street, and Sam Day, with his "Oh, Mary" went to bed at 1 o'clock. They were still sweetly sleeping the sleep of the just played out at 7 o'clock this morning, their hope of ever reaching a figure big enough to give them a share in the divide being gone.

The race had narrowed down at breakfast time to the original favorites.

The crowd at daybreak was gone and the spectators in the Garden were sober and quiet, the beer stand having been closed since 1 o'clock—for the first time during the race.

The failure of the beer had a somnolent effect on the little gathering of the faithful all through the night, and incidents of interest were scarce. There was a small "ruction" at 3 o'clock, but no casualties, and shortly after the only female in the audience snuffed a cigarette. She was carried out. Nobody seemed to know the cause of the wall nor the name of the "wailer."

At 6 o'clock Horace Weston, the famous, and fat banjo, became apparent in the big pavilion. The colored man dexterously picked the strings for the benefit of Dan Herty, who had reached third place and was a good leader of Guerrero, his nearest follower. Weston ran inside the fence to keep up with his favorite while he played. Herty's spirits rose as he gratefully thanked his colored admirer.

Afterwards Jimmie Albert, who can thump a breakdown, borrowed the banjo and played as he ran for two laps. The little crowd of spectators cheered enthusiastically.

Frank Hart, the steady-colored boy, was in excellent form at daybreak. Although he had been off on the track at short intervals during the whole night, and had lost his place ahead of Herty.

Noremanc spent the time from 12.30 to 5.20 A. M. asleep. He looked weary when he was called to the track. Herty slept two hours from 1 o'clock, and Guerrero too in three hours and a half, while two hours did for Golden.

Albert was slowly but surely creeping up upon the record of Charlie Rowell in the 1882 race, and interest in the result at the seventy-ninth hour (7 o'clock) was excited. People crowded about the scorers and were informed that at 6.45 Albert lacked a mile and six laps of Rowell's seventy-ninth-hour score. Some one told the plucky boy he was in excellent form at daybreak. Although he had been off on the track at short intervals during the whole night, and had lost his place ahead of Herty.

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was as clean as a racehorse. He made the mile in eight minutes and ten seconds. The spectators cheered wildly, and the pedal expert renewed his speed for another half mile to "Marching Through Georgia" and "Swanee River" by the orchestra, and then walked in, making Rowell's 375 miles 5 laps at 6.56.56 amid the wildest enthusiasm. The result of the six hours of plodding from midnight to 6 o'clock this morning, may be found in the subjoined schedule:

NAME.	1 A. M.	2 A. M.	3 A. M.	4 A. M.	5 A. M.	6 A. M.
Albert.....	348 0	348 0	348 0	348 0	348 0	348 0
Pancho.....	342 0	342 0	342 0	342 0	342 0	342 0
Herty.....	332 0	332 0	332 0	332 0	332 0	332 0
Guerrero.....	330 0	330 0	330 0	330 0	330 0	330 0
Hart.....	315 0	315 0	315 0	315 0	315 0	315 0
Golden.....	300 0	300 0	300 0	300 0	300 0	300 0
Moore.....	276 1	276 1	276 1	276 1	276 1	276 1
Strokel.....	259 4	259 4	259 4	259 4	259 4	259 4
Noremanc.....	253 5	253 5	253 5	253 5	253 5	253 5
Dillon.....	223 1	223 1	223 1	223 1	223 1	223 1
Vint.....	222 0	222 0	222 0	222 0	222 0	222 0
Sullivan.....	162 0	162 0	162 0	162 0	162 0	162 0
Taylor.....	162 0	162 0	162 0	162 0	162 0	162 0
Collins.....	162 0	162 0	162 0	162 0	162 0	162 0
Tilly.....	162 0	162 0	162 0	162 0	162 0	162 0
Stout.....	162 0	162 0	162 0	162 0	162 0	162 0

SCORE FROM 7 TO 12 A. M.

NAME.	7 A. M.	8 A. M.	9 A. M.	10 A. M.	11 A. M.	12 A. M.
Albert.....	375 0	375 0	375 0	375 0	375 0	375 0
Pancho.....	368 0	368 0	368 0	368 0	368 0	368 0
Herty.....	358 0	358 0	358 0	358 0	358 0	358 0
Guerrero.....	350 0	350 0	350 0	350 0	350 0	350 0
Hart.....	335 0	335 0	335 0	335 0	335 0	335 0
Golden.....	310 0	310 0	310 0	310 0	310 0	310 0
Moore.....	285 0	285 0	285 0	285 0	285 0	285 0
Strokel.....	265 0	265 0	265 0	265 0	265 0	265 0
Noremanc.....	260 0	260 0	260 0	260 0	260 0	260 0
Dillon.....	235 0	235 0	235 0	235 0	235 0	235 0
Vint.....	230 0	230 0	230 0	230 0	230 0	230 0
Sullivan.....	175 0	175 0	175 0	175 0	175 0	175 0
Taylor.....	170 0	170 0	170 0	170 0	170 0	170 0
Collins.....	170 0	170 0	170 0	170 0	170 0	170 0
Tilly.....	170 0	170 0	170 0	170 0	170 0	170 0
Stout.....	170 0	170 0	170 0	170 0	170 0	170 0

At 7 o'clock Albert had travelled 375 miles 6.30 laps, or 350 yards better than Rowell's record in 1882, the best heretofore made.

Then Albert retired for a little rest. He had surpassed Fitzgerald's record for that hour in his 610-mile race of 1884 by more than nine miles and was in excellent condition.

The work of the four leaders for each twenty-four hours since the start, beginning Sunday at midnight, is as follows:

NAME.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.
Albert.....	180	198	110
Pancho.....	172	190	110
Herty.....	172	190	110
Guerrero.....	172	190	110

At 10 o'clock Fitzgerald covered 110 miles on the third day and 112 miles on Thursday.

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where he won, making 569 miles, with Albert second, Pancho third and Noremanc fourth. The faithful wives of Albert, Strokel and Noremanc still remain at their posts. The two last named are almost as hearty and vigorous in expression as their plodding husbands, the wife of the little Scotchman being particularly so. But she is still full of confidence in her George, who has come out victor in races seemingly as hopeless as this one.



THE RACER.

Mrs. Albert, on the contrary, is full of life and spirits. She chats pleasantly with callers, who are not a few, and looks fondly and proudly upon her husband.

Inquiries for Manager Hall at his office in the Garden this morning were met with an announcement that he had gone to Jefferson Market Police Court to appear against Louis Waldron, who had "punched" him at about 1.30 o'clock this morning. The circumstances of the affair, as related by people who were present are that Waldron asked Manager Hall for complimentary tickets. Mr. Hall replied gruffly and Waldron struck him with his fist, flooring him. Policemen took Waldron into custody before the trouble went any further.

In the Jefferson Market Police Court Waldron said that he was an advertising agent. He was held in \$300 bail for trial.

Poor old Stout, the Arabian artist who the white-wash rush, was pulled out of his cot by his friends at 10.25, just eleven hours after his retirement. He walked on eggs for two laps. The little crowd cheered and gazed the poor fellow, whereupon he broke into a run like that of a lame camel.

The crowd cheered hilariously, and the Arab thus stimulated caught up with and passed the leaders, who were running at the dog trot while the horse kept up for two days.

Frank Dole, of Philadelphia, the man who managed George Littlewood in America on his last visit, is negotiating with W. A. Hoagland for the management of the race for six days. William Corney is anxious to make the race three-cornered sweepstakes for \$1,000 a corner, with Joe Scott, the Australian champion, now in England, as his entry. The race, if the deal is made, will be a grand one.

Ed Plummer, who has been scorer for a score of races, ejaculates: "Best the record? No, but it is a record. I wish it were mine. Look at the man. He is as clean as a daisy."

Sau Day's "Oh, Mary" will never more be heard in Madison Square Garden. He retired to sweet slumber at 6.47 last evening, and at 11 o'clock today his form lay motionless on the go-as-you-please was communicated to the scorers. He had covered 288 miles.

At the eighty-fourth hour in the 1884 race, 12 o'clock Thursday noon, Pat Fitzgerald scored 391 miles. Littlewood's score, the best record was 381 miles. The victor had only 200 miles to his credit, of which 103 miles were made in the first twenty-four hours. He hobbled at the rate of about two miles an hour, and with apparent distress, but he held his head high and did not break sweat, while he was being rubbed down, all in twenty minutes. He is the cynosure of all eyes and the admired of all admirers at the race.

Collins, the colored baseballist, is another man whose purpose in continuing his funeral pace in the race, long since lost to him, is past fathoming. He has not made more than two miles an hour for a long time, but he is the picture of dejection for two days.

Gus Guerrero, variously styled the "Spaniard," the "Greaser," the "Mexican," the "Mustang," the "Antelope," the "Zebu," and the "Yaller-belly" by the omnipresent and ever-familiar gallery god, is growing lazier. He watches the score dials anxiously, but says Broke has been out there constantly with his banjo, and the Californian has been held to his work better than ever before in his long career. There is still faith that he will be in at the divide of the gate receipts.

"Mustang," I was fond to remind you, had only 200 miles to his credit, of which 103 miles were made in the first twenty-four hours. He hobbled at the rate of about two miles an hour, and with apparent distress, but he held his head high and did not break sweat, while he was being rubbed down, all in twenty minutes. He is the cynosure of all eyes and the admired of all admirers at the race.

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ASSEMBLYMEN RISK THEIR LIVES.

To-Morrow, However, They Will Meet in the Assembly Parlor.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)

ALBANY, Feb. 9.—Again did the Assemblymen risk their lives by